



A SYRIAN SCHOOL.

who crouched on the floor, looking down sullenly, half afraid, but more disappointed because he had been caught.

"Why, John, what is the meaning of this?" inquired a pleasant-looking man, who stood at the vestry door, gazing on the scene in astonishment.

"He was stealing, sir!"

"Stealing! my lad, what did—"

"I only wanted a flower fer Curly," "Skinny" muttered without looking up.

"For whom?"

"Fer Curly, me brudder."

"But did you not know that it is wrong to steal, and a most grievous sin to take anything away from Christ's altar?"

"His what? who's he?"

Mr. Talcott, the clergyman, tried to explain, in a simple way, why the flowers were given to God, and who God was, but he made little impression on "Skinny" then, for the young sinner only stood and shook his head, obstinately, saying, "But he can't want 'em more 'an Curly."

Mr. Talcott, perceiving that all arguments and explanation were fruitless, and seeing that underneath this young vagrant's manner there was one of God's divinest attributes, love for a brother, he hastened to do all in his power to save this boy's soul, and tried another way.

"Come with me," he said gently, leading "Skinny" out of the church. "I will go with you to buy a flower, which we will take to Curly. Then on our way you can tell me something about yourself. Let's see, what is your name?"

"The kids call me 'Skinny.' Curly and the old woman calls me Tim."

"Who is the old woman?"

"Oh, she keeps de house!"

"Have you no father or mother?"

"Dun no!" Then "Skinny" relapsed into silence. After purchasing the flower he almost

ran with Mr. Talcott until he reached the most wretched part of the city, when at the door of one of the poorest lodging houses he stopped, and pushed his way rapidly up three rickety, dingy flights of stairs, closely followed by the parson. He burst into a squalid room, where on the floor lay a little boy, feverish and sick, with chills and sore throat.

"Look 'ee here! Curly! He give dis to me fer you!" Tim exclaimed, pointing first at the clergyman and then at his lily in triumph.

"Oh, Timmy, you're so good to me!" The little fellow put out his arms for the flower, and then gave Timmy a hug.

Mr. Talcott's heart was touched, and he stood silent before the pathetic picture, while tears came fast into his eyes. Poor, lonely little boys! The only bright spot in their lives was their affection for one another. Homeless, motherless, friendless! Yet they were friendless no longer, for from that hour Mr. Talcott took them under his kind protection. From that Easter Sunday their two souls were rescued from the poverty, filth, and sin of their surroundings, and their natures, taking seed in the beautiful gift of affection, blossomed and flourished so bountifully that a few years later Mr. Talcott presented them, now faithful, honest young men, to the bishop, to be confirmed by him at the same altar towards which Tim's thoughts had been first directed in sin.—*The Young Churchman*.

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THE scholars, according to the custom in that country, have left their shoes outside the door. When they are dismissed, what a scrambling there must be for them! We wonder if each gets her own.

The children when they come to the mission school are untidy, wicked, and ignorant. The teachers need a great deal of wisdom and patience to get along with them, but they do it for Jesus' sake, and looking to Him for aid. We are not surprised, therefore, that the blessing of God follows their efforts, and that many of these girls become sincere Christians. Then they go home to their own villages and open schools for the little children there.

In the schoolroom they sit upon the floor. What would our little American girls think if when they went to school after vacation they should find the room empty of seats and desks,